

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### MARY TELLS ME SHE IS MARRIED

Little book, do you think I will ever get where I can control my feelings? I have been so sorry since I went to pieces before Donna. It is not brave, to say the least.

Every one must have some place to go where they can give vent to their feelings at time. I have sometimes thought a great many women made their God the recipient of their sorrows. I have often heard prayers in public places that made me think that prayer meant to the person praying only a vent for surcharged feelings and emotion. Other women are naggers just because the troubles they try to keep all to themselves leak out in dribblets.

I don't like those wonderfully secretive women, little book. It has always seemed to me they were rather cold, calculating and suspicious.

I am sure if I did not have you I'd have to tell some one about the most interesting man, and while there is absolutely nothing wrong or anything that is not perfectly platonic in my regard for him, he has certainly succeeded in holding an interest for me. I don't imagine I would care to see him often. His moods are so many it tires me to follow them, and I often resent his assumption of superiority to all women.

His name and personality pops in here just now, for after Donna went away I had time to open Mary's letter and my foreign-looking letter. First, Mary told me the great news.

"I have done the deed," she said. "Max and I were married at the American legation yesterday. He overcame all my objections on the subject of age and was so insistent I decided to marry over here and take a leisurely honeymoon before we return to America.

"Do you love him, Mary?" I hear you ask, and I have to answer 'No' and 'Yes.' 'No,' if it means the old

wild passion which would have made me walk with a smile over burning plowshares to Jack. 'Yes,' if it means that I love to be with him, that I am more than interested in his thoughts expressed in the pure diction and exquisite taste that delights me.

"You see, Margie, the wild and restless passion did not pan out. It passed—passed utterly with Jack—after the first few months; with me it died harder, but it did die, and then separation was a nightmare from which I always awoke in hell.

"I have absolutely demonstrated that you must have much more than passionate love upon which to build a successful marriage. So I am trying something else. Will it work? I don't know. Only time will tell.

"Have just heard of your terrible trouble. I can't imagine you, dear, with your enthusiasm and nervous strength, stretched out for months on a bed.

"Have you any idea what was the cause? Did you hurt your back when you fell? Of course, the doctors will pull you out sooner than they expect; they always do.

"In the meantime, dear girl, I am sending you a little 'wedding present.' We will turn the tables this time and I'll send you a little token of my love for you.

"I hope you will enjoy it as much as I do mine. I read it every day, and while some people will tell you it is the religion of a pagan, and will see no good in it, to me Marcus Aurelius is one of the greatest teachers of the world."

Just as I read this, little book, Alice, my nurse, brought me my copy of the great pagan philosopher, bound in exquisite inlaid and tooled leather. The book was as much of a treasure as a perfect diamond. I held it in my hands for a while. It comforted me just to hold it, even without reading it.